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than immortality of fellowships in the future, nor still his anticipation of such satisfaction.

It was a tenet of Plato's school that human souls were removed from fate and immortality. For were souls faithful to the law of their being, immortality would be theirs without this lapse into mortality and fate, these being the consequence of the broken law. By sin came death, and by death the fate that follows all those who have a mortal lineage, or birth into bodies. Fate is the consequence of swerving from the law of rectitude, and is entailed upon all who inherit flesh and blood.*

THE BIRTHDAY OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

By T. W. PARSONS.

Boston to Florence greeting, on the morn
Dear to Art's children, even in Art's young land,
Sends—“*Joy! this day thy four-souled man was born!*”
One of his country's poets named him so;
And we accept the phrase, and would expand.

I.

When the first man of Europe could conceive
That Syrian Shepherd, in the Ducal Square,
One soul he surely had; and that he gave

* “Seeing our most palpable evidence of the soul's immortality is from an inward sense, and this inward sense is kept alive the best by devotion and purity, by freedom from worldly care, sorrow, and the grosser pleasures of the body (otherwise her ethereal nature will drink in so much of earthly and mortal dregs that the sense of the soul will be changed, and being outvoted as it were by the overpowering number of terrene particulars which that ethereal nature hath so plentifully imbibed and incorporated with itself, she will become in a manner corporeal, and in the extremity of this working and dotage will be easily drawn off' to pronounce herself, such as the body is, dissolvable and mortal); therefore it is better for us that we become doubtful of our immortal condition when we stray from that virgin purity and unspottedness, that we may withdraw our feet from these paths of death, than that demonstration and infallibility would prove an heavy advantage. But this is meant only to them that are loved of God and their own souls. For they that are at enmity with him desire no such instructions, but rather embrace all means of laying asleep that disquieting truth that they bear about with them so precious a charge as an immortal spirit.”

His first love, Sculpture, moulding marble so
 That when his David was unveiled—the young
 Champion of Israel, such as men believed
 Once ruled in Jewry—it is writ, a low
 Murmur went through the multitude, as when
 The sacred Host is lifted, and the crowd,
 Though clad in corslelets, drop adoring down!
 That boyish triumph bears no more, with us,
 The lofty need that Florence then bestowed,
 Since the youth's manhood went so far beyond
 The son of Jesse—what a giant stride
 From him to Moses! Then was Art's high flood.

II.

“ ‘Mid the white marble crags of Luni’s hills,
 Whose sides the peasant, nestling near their base,
 Above the village of Carrara, tills,
 He had a cavern for his dwelling-place;”
 Like Aruns, the great soothsayer, whose home
 Dante thus pictures in the verse above.
 Brave master! laboring like a quarry-slave
 Among rough men, hard-handed and dark-eyed,
 Making himself coarse-fingered as themselves,
 Till his right hand had almost lost her cunning;
 Yet with his left he gave those Fates that face!

See the weird women!—Clotho stands behind
 Wielding her distaff—then the one who spins
 And rules the threads—and she who cuts them off:
 O Atropos! unchangeable,—the Greeks
 Gave thee that name; but when thy severing steel
 Comes near the silver cord of such a life,
 We must remember, if we keep our faith,
 That, though ye fashion destiny to-day,
 Thou and thy sisters are but mortal, too,
 And have no office in the life to come.

III.

Now for the builder—he the lofty rhyme
 Could also build: but now we speak of him
 Who might have bridged the Hellespont, but chose
 Rather to work for Christendom, and serve
 The Servant of the servants of his God.*
 He labored for his Italy. Who else,
 Following the lead of Brunelleschi’s dome,
 Saint Mary of the Lily, could have reared
 The Church, which Jesus planted on a Rock,
 To hang for evermore in Rome’s blue air?

IV.

Was he a poet? Who shall give response
To this high question for the court supreme
Of the eternal ages? We must bow,
Being fast frost-bound in this realm of prose,
To Italy, who has declared him one
Second to Petrarch seldom, in the nerve
Of his grave sonnets, whether Love was lord
Of the strict verse, or Intellect alone.
He was no singer in the modern strain
Of bugle-songs and Balaklava blasts,
Ravens and Bells, most musically mingled,
Yet not much more than melody to a mind
That seeks in Poesy the food of thought:
The pomp of Opera had not been born,
And thought and feeling had not died in words,
Words poor in sense, though silvered o'er with sound.

V.

Now give to Michael Angelo a name
Past Pindemonte's four*—that highest one
Of patriot soul—for whosoever works
Without a country, in whatever art,
Counts as an artist only second best.

O stately city—Florence of the West!
Since Charles and Arno have grown kindred streams
(Our great Song-master being at home by both).
Laurentian city! many sons of thine
And noble daughters have in Florence marked
The Medicéan chapel, and the shrine
Where Cosmo sleeps in marble, and the words
On the black slab graved, “Pater Patriæ,”
Which now we borrow for our Washington:

In my mind's eye I figure such a group;
And haply some one, looking fondly round,
Dazed with such splendor, says—if English born,
To some fair cousin of his blood, perchance

* The expression “Pindemonte's four” requires explanation. It refers to a phrase used by the Italian poet Ippolito Pindemonte, designating Michael Angelo as the *four-souled man* (*uom di quattr' alme*), in allusion to his having been a sculptor, a painter, an architect, and a poet. To these titles Dr. Parsons justly adds that of patriot. The liberty of his beloved Florence was precious to M. Angelo, as is well known; and, in the last struggle of that republic against the combined armies of Pope Clement VII. and the Emperor Charles V., he devoted all the powers of his genius to the defence of Florence. As chief engineer, he planned and executed all the military works of the siege, while conducting besides a private embassy to the republic of Venice. On the fall of the city, fearing the proscription of the Medici, he hid himself in a friend's house; and did not come out till an order, forbidding to molest him, arrived from the Pope, who, as a member of the Medici family, was desirous of preserving their reputation as patrons of the arts. But from that day Michael Angelo shut himself up in his studio, occupying himself exclusively with works of art. After a short time, still fearing the persecution of the Medici on account of his liberal opinions, he went to Rome, where he worked on St. Peter's as architect and painter, and never would return to his enslaved Florence.

Pilgrim o'er seas to Latium's holy land—
 "Look there, my Lady! see Lorenzo's tomb!
 O Day and Night—but this is wondrous strange!"
 And she gives answer, if of his degree:
 "Most strange, indeed, to see those half-born things
 Out of dead marble starting into life!
 The perfect somnolence, in slumber locked;
 And under that vast quietude, the grief
 Of one who seems to have for ever lost
 Some great and honored object. Such are we,
 Losing that model which our youth designed;
 But we may win it back again through grace,
 Unless the good seed, dropped on barren ground
 Of stony hearts, find no more nourishment
 Than roses could on yon huge heaps of lime."

On those grand forms, one of the Strozzi wrote
 This choicest compliment in choice Italian,
 Poet penned ever—purely Florentine
 (For Florence is the flower of courtesy,
 And always bore the lily on her shield):—
 "The Night which thou beholdest, bound in deep
 And sweet repose, an Angel's hand did hew
 Out of this rock; and, though she is asleep,
 Breathes—doubt'st thou? Wake her; she will speak to you."
 Whereto, in language we may never match,
 The grief-worn patriot gave sublime reply:—
 "'Tis well to slumber, best to be of stone,
 While shame endures and Florence is not free;
 So lest I waken—ah! subdue thy tone—
 Methinks 'tis blessed not to hear nor see."

NOTE.—This poem was written for the anniversary of the four hundredth birthday of Michael Angelo, as celebrated by the Woman's Club of Boston.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

Thought a Function of the Brain.

In the *Medical and Surgical Reporter* for Nov. 7th, 1874, Dr. Brinton discusses "The Physical Relations of Thought." After quoting a passage from Dr. J. M. Fothergill's article on "The Mental Aspects of Ordinary Diseases," wherein the doctrine is set forth that "thought is the product of the cells of the gray matter of the brain, the result of a change of form in organic matter taken into the system as food," &c., he goes on to remark:

"True it is that observers have demonstrated that intellectual exertion requires the metamorphosis of force, i.e. nutrition, chemical action, increase of temperature in the brain cells, and electrical excitation. Very possibly they may some time be able to express such brain action in quantivals of